

THE EVENING STORY.

Sensible Clothes.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. Werner.)

Elena looked disconsolately at her wide-eyed, like a perfectly senseless person...

Even though the man who has an office across the corridor is going to leave town that very night, not to come back, and you would like to have him see you just once in the kind of clothes that you ought to wear...

In the morning Elena had had a premonition that she was going to have a very bad day...

As a matter of fact, she hadn't the shadow of an excuse for being "dressed up"...

It was foolish of her to care because he might have even been thinking of her when he eyed her with frowning intentness...

"I don't care where it is," said Elena from within his arms.

(THE END.)

JOINS LOCAL PLEASANT SOCIETY.

Power Yacht Chiquita, Recently Purchased in Baltimore, Is Here.

Lying at anchor in the harbor off the foot of 9th street southwest is a new addition to the local fleet of pleasure craft, the power yacht Chiquita...

The Chiquita is a handsome little craft, 33 feet long, 12 1/2 feet beam and 3 1/2 feet deep in the hold...

Six persons can sleep in comfort aboard the vessel, exclusive of the crew of two men. A fifty-horsepower gasoline motor drives the yacht through the water at a speed of about ten miles an hour.

Mrs. John H. Kraemer, wife of the postmaster at Westport, Md., is seriously ill at her home, as a result of a fall downstairs. She sustained a broken right arm and internal injuries.

A week later he had called across the corridor to her whenever he was leaving Thursday evening. Might not be down till Thursday, so he would say to her then in case he didn't see each other again...

The morning was gray, and the office door across the corridor was open. At noon it drizzled. She didn't go out for lunch, but the office door was open for her a sandwich. Perhaps it would clear up by night. And perhaps, he thought across to say good-bye to her employee.

The drizzle increased to a cold, grim downpour, not the spasmodic, fierce and then slackening rain that gives some promise of wearing itself out before the next day, but that slow, steady, solemn drizzle that is a good for seventy-two hours at the very least. But about a week ago she forgot that it was raining. It was a day of it that she had always thought she would be back in a year or so for another try. Maybe, he laughed shortly and it showed to the man. Guess I'm not much but a squashed anyway.

"Good-bye," said the man to Elena, very solemnly. There was no reason, of course, for saying it so solemnly. "Good-bye," smiled Elena. She was glad she had spent the money for the dress. It didn't care if she had to sit up for months more to get the sensible one she needed.

He swung out, tall, erect shouldered, and once looking back. Afterward the rain came down harder and grayer and colder. The streets were ravines of mud, dotted with the shimmering pale yellow car lights. She shivered in the entrance of the big office building a long minute before plunging into the flood. She had an umbrella, of course, but it was no protection to a skirt. And just then the wind came up for a day of rain by whirling furiously around the skyscraper. She couldn't even keep the umbrella aloft. Anyway, it didn't make any difference then whether her dress were spoiled or not. She bent her head and pushed her way through the mob of hurrying work-wearers that, like herself, were getting rained upon, and crossed and tired in an effort to reach street car and home as soon as possible.

The pink crispness of the morning was dripping when she stood, wearily, in the street, standing in a weary line to give her nickel, passed wearily through the turnstile, and then out to a wet, crowded platform to wait for a train that was too filled when it reached that station to admit a tenth of the waiters who waited at it. She didn't even try to get on. What was the use? She shivered from the cold. Her short, sheer sleeves clung wet to her slim arms, her skirt being limp, wet against her slim body. She could have laughed in very mockery of herself and the sorry spectacle she made. All for nothing! For a man who didn't even remember that so insignificant a person was on earth, and who she could have smiled—no, grinned—in great amusement had any one told him she was so miserably foolish.

"I know it," said some one, disgustedly in her ear. "You look just as I thought you would look. But here—let's get out of this. And before Elena had time to

realize or think or do anything but gaze wide-eyed, like a perfectly senseless person, the man who had had an office across the corridor hustled her back through the crowd, downstairs and into a taxi-cab.

"How did you know what elevated station?" she began, breathlessly.

"I know the time ago," he said, thoughtfully. "Only when a chap alone can't make any headway, it's foolish to suppose that he can support two people."

"I don't mind," said Elena, quickly.

"I mean how I am supported. I could be happy on my little. You—I suppose tomorrow you'll go back to the farm?"

"The farm? For really?" she asked, blithely. "After I pay this taxi-cab pilot's charge I won't have enough left to buy my mind."

"I'm glad I wore it," said Elena, foolishly. "And I'm glad it rained."

"So am I," said the man from across the corridor. "If I can't make it go here after another sally—only I will—would you mind the 'A'?"

"I don't care where it is," said Elena from within his arms.

Even though the man who has an office across the corridor is going to leave town that very night, not to come back, and you would like to have him see you just once in the kind of clothes that you ought to wear, you have no business to take the money that you have spent five months saving for a sensible workaday dress and invest it in a far from sensible party-gown that the rain will turn to tissue paper.

As a matter of fact, she hadn't the shadow of an excuse for being "dressed up"...

It was foolish of her to care because he might have even been thinking of her when he eyed her with frowning intentness...

"I don't care where it is," said Elena from within his arms.

Little Stories for Bedtime



By THORNTON W. BURGESS. (Copyright, 1914, by J. G. Lloyd.)

Old Man Coyote Grows Curious.

Granny Fox is not the only one who has learned the ways of Blacky the Crow. No, indeed! Old man Coyote is just as smart and sharp as she. In fact, he is just a wee mite smarter and sharper, as Granny found out shortly after he came to the Green Meadows to live, though she never would admit it.

Now, at the time when Granny Fox was trotting down the Lone Little Path and first heard the excited cawing of Blacky the Crow deep in the Green Forest, Old Man Coyote had just stretched himself out for a sun bath on the Green Meadows, not far from the edge of the

"HA," SAID HE, "OLD GRANNY FOX HAS JUST BEEN ALONG HERE."

Green Forest. Just as Granny Fox had done, he pricked up his ears at the first sound of Blacky's voice and listened.

"When Blacky caws like that he sees something quite unusual, and when there is anything unusual going on it pays to know all about it. It may be no business of mine, and I may have a long walk for nothing, but then again I may find out something worth knowing. Blacky is as smart as a mischief maker as his cousin, Sammy Jay, but he sees all that is going on in the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest, and though he has made trouble for me more than once he has gotten me out of trouble just as many times by giving me warning. I'd a lot rather take a nap now, but I guess I'll have a look and find out what has got into the black scamp."

Old Man Coyote yawned, then he stretched, yawned again, listened for a few minutes, and finally trotted off into the Green Forest in the direction from which Blacky's voice sounded. Now, just like Granny Fox, Old Man Coyote always keeps his eyes and his ears wide open, when he always uses his nose. He learned when he was a very little fellow that his nose can often tell him a lot more than either his eyes or his ears. So as he trotted through the Green Forest he was using eyes, ears and nose, and it was his nose that gave him the first news. He was trotting along so softly that he didn't make a sound, when quite suddenly he stopped and wrinkled up his nose to sniff.

"HA," said he to himself, "Old Granny Fox has just been along here. She has just as well as she makes, and she is on her way to see what it is all about. I think I will hurry a little faster."

So, Old Man Coyote hurried a little faster, and though Granny Fox didn't know it, he was right behind her when she reached the place where Blacky was

making such a fuss. He saw just what Granny saw, Peter Rabbit dodging this way and that way, with Reddy Fox right at his heels, and, just like Granny, he made up his mind right away that he would take a hand in the game, for he is just as fond of rabbit for dinner as is either Granny or Reddy Fox. He grinned to himself, and it was an unpleasant grin, for he knew that all he had to do was to show himself to have the chase of Peter all to himself. You see, Reddy and Granny Fox are afraid of him, and he didn't have the least doubt that he could catch Peter, now that he was so far away from the dear Old Briar Patch. He was just getting ready to spring out when Peter stopped dodging and started lumpy-lumpy-lip for a big pile of brush. In a twinkling the white patch on the seat of Peter's trousers disappeared under the big pile of brush, and there stood Reddy and Granny Fox staring at each other and looking very, very foolish. Old Man Coyote chuckled. He couldn't help it.

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